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ORATION,

IN CELEBRATION OF THE

PEACE

HAPPILY CONCLUDED BETWEEN

THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA,

AND

GREAT BRITAIN;

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DELIVERED AT BOSTON, MARCH 16, 1815,

AT THE REQUEST OF

ST. JOHN'S LODGE;

AND SANCTIONED BY THE

MOST WORSHIPFUL GRAND MASTER OF MASSACHUSETTS.

By Br. JOHN LATHROP, Jun. *A. M.*

BOSTON:
PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY E. G. HOUSE & CO.
Congress-Street.
1815.

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M-S.A. May 1877.

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CITY OF BOSTON

ORATION.

We are assembled, my brethren and friends, to celebrate a jubilee. This evening is sacred to peace and benevolence. The sons of industry, are now to enjoy the pleasure of refreshment in the strenuous labour of active charity;—they leave the quiet recess of speculative theories and abstract principles, and cheerfully assume the characters, and perform the duties of operative masons. Their real business is to rear a structure of social happiness on the solid basis of brotherly love. In this glorious work, they will find the ready co-operation of every wise and generous man. They hold the universe of rational beings in the warm embrace of fraternity—they dedicate the building to God, and consecrate its priests and its altars to charity and peace. How auspicious is the occasion of this public celebration! Welcome, thrice welcome, Peace—thou best gift of heaven—thou brightest daughter of the skies! Welcome, thrice welcome, ye votaries of the olive crowned Goddess, whose hearts respond the celestial chorus of peace on earth, and good will to men. Here

let us unite in the warmest interchanges of congratulation! Welcome, thrice welcome, ye whose gentle bosoms accord with the finest sensibilities of seraphic harmony. Sisters, hail! in war—the tenderest objects of solicitude—in peace, the grace of our festivity—the zest of our rejoicing. Welcome ye whose compassion in the hour of danger has soothed the soldier's anguish—whose animating eyes have thrown new radiance on the path of glory; whose smiles are the sweetest reward of the generous and the brave; whose frowns are the just and severe punishment of treason, of hypocricy, of cowardice, and of guilt.

> "The groans of Nature in this nether world,
> "Which heaven has heard for ages, have an end—
> "Foretold by prophets, and by poets sung—
> "The time of rest—the promis'd sabbath comes.
> "Six thousand years of sorrow have well nigh
> "Fulfill'd their tardy and disastrous course,
> "Over a sinful world. And what remains,
> "Of this tempestuous state of human things,
> "Is merely as the working of a sea,
> "Before a calm, that rocks itself to rest."

Yes—after all the various wars which have scourged and desolated the world;—after the rise and fall of nations, through the courses of slowly lapsing centuries—after the sad succession of ages, in which many a Tadmor in the desert, has become a Palmyra deserted,—we, in these happy times, and under most auspicious omens, hail an era of universal peace! Once

more is the temple of Janus closed ;—the song of the angels who announced the birth of the Messiah to the shepherds of Judea is now renewed in the glad tidings of great joy, which salute our ears. "The olive branch of the Lord, beautiful and glorious, is stretched forth over the nations of the earth."—"Peace is to him that is far off and to him that is near."

"In these green days
"Reviving sickness lifts her languid head,
"Life flows afresh—and young-eye'd health exalts
"The whole creation round. Contentment walks
"The sunny glade, and feels an inward bliss
"Spring o'er his mind—beyond the power of kings
"To purchase. Pure serenity apace,
"Induces thought ;———
"By swift degrees—the love of nature works,
"And warms the bosom ;—till at last sublimed,
"To rapture, and enthusiastic heat
"We feel the present Deity, and taste
"*The joy of God to see a happy world !*"

Emerged as a nation from the multifarious evils of war, we may with propriety endeavour to heighten the pleasures of this evening by throwing them into a contrast with the dangers from which we have escaped, and the horrors which have so recently settled below our horizon. The music of the anvil, on which the weapons of carnage are converted into instruments of agriculture, fills us with delightful sensations. This is indeed a season of peace—when the implements of Mars are scarcely needed to guard

the chair of civil authority—when the whole armory of Justice can furnish but a pointless sword—blunted by mercy, and rusted in its scabbard by the tears of pity! Yes, this is a jubilee, in which all party animosities are lost and forgotten. All the best feelings of the heart are excited—all its noblest wishes are exalted—all its genuine principles of philanthropy expanded until they reach the boundaries of the material universe. We soar from this little globe, we range the regions of etherial space and splendor, and hold high converse with superior intelligences. The feelings of angels animate our bosoms—the extacies of heaven transport our souls—and we exultingly unite in the chorus of gratitude and thanksgiving, which burst from the unnumbered choristers of the skies. Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace—good will toward men!

Such are the effects of Peace—May her residence be commensurate with the period of Nature's existence! Black as Erebus must his passions be, who would again frighten the blessed visitant from the earth;—who would unbar the doors of that temple, which angels closed to distinguish the era of our Savior's birth, and which they have again fastened, that the wounds of bleeding christendom may be stanched.* Long, long, be the halcyon reign of

* It is worthy of notice, that this joyous event occurred in the sacred season of religious festivity, which has for more than eighteen centuries been consecrated to the celebration of the ad-

universal harmony! How sweet is the tie of fraternal affection; of domestic love;—how delightful the kindly intercourses of neighborhood and good fellowship,—but how amiably *noble*—how enchantingly *grand*—how divinely *august*, is the friendship of *nations!* How rich the perfume of the rosy garland that surrounds a peaceful world, and

vent of the Prince of Peace. On the eve of Christmas, 1814, the Treaty of Ghent was signed by the British and American Commissioners—and the civilized world restored to that blessed state in which it was found by the Messiah at his nativity. Again "the helmed Cherubim" chaunted the sublime Hymn of congratulation to mankind.

"No war nor battles sound,
"Was heard the world around—
"No hostile chiefs to furious combat ran—
"But peaceful was the night
"On which the prince of light,
"His reign of peace upon the earth began.
"Sounds of so sweet a tone
"Before were never known,
"But when of old the sons of morning sung,
"While God disposed in air,
"Each constellation fair,
"And the well-balanced world on hinges hung.

Another circumstance respecting the present Peace is remarkable. The venerable JOHN ADAMS, was one of the negotiators of the Peace of 1783, and the first minister to the court of Great Britain, after the war, which was then terminated: JOHN QUINCY ADAMS, son of the same JOHN ADAMS, was one of the commissioners who formed the treaty of Ghent, and is appointed the first minister to the court of Great Britain after the war, which was closed in 1814.

adorns the tranquil abode of the brotherhood of man! ah, why should this pleasing bond of union be broken by the caprice, the wantonness, or the ambition of a restless, a sanguinary, or an aspiring mortal! Did rulers know the true interests of the states which they govern, they would pursue a course of virtue as leading to real glory; and the policy of peace, as the only certain source of honourable aggrandizement.

> "Sure, there is need of social intercourse,
> "Benevolence and peace, and mutual aid,
> "Between the nations, in a world that seems
> "To tell the death-bell of its own decease,
> "And by the voice of all the elements
> "To preach the general doom!"

Since the last visit of Masonry to this room, our Country has severely suffered the evils which are inseparable from a state of war. Our ears have been pained with the "dread note of preparation"—our eyes have been agonized with the sight of garments rolled in blood. Alas—many who were happy and active members of society, when I last had the honour to address you, from this desk, are now cold beneath the clod of the valley. Widows bemoan their husbands—parents their children—children their parents. The voice of love is changed to the raving of despair.—The plighted vow of the ardent youth, has been broken by the bullet that pierced a heart where love and patriotism fled together—The tender maiden has wept over the object of her fondest hopes—her only consolation, that though lost to her,

he is enshrined in glory. The wind of the desert sweeps over the grassy grave of many a widow's son. The tears of evening empearl the humble turf that lies on the bosom of many a Mason, fallen in his country's defence. Peace to their manes! Sacred be their relics! pass lightly over them, ye men of benevolence, for they were your brothers;—ye men of valor, plant a sprig of laurel, by the cassia at the head of their graves;—for they were your kinsmen!

"How sleep the brave, who sink to rest,
"With all their Country's wishes blest!
"When Spring with dewy fingers cold,
"Returns to deck their hallow'd mould,
"She there shall dress a greener sod,
"Than Fancy's feet have ever trod,
"By fairy hands their knell is rung,
"By forms unseen their dirge is sung,
"There Honour comes, a Pilgrim grey,
"To bless the turf that wraps their clay,
"And Freedom shall awhile repair,
"To dwell a weeping hermit there."—

In the economy of an all wise Providence, causes are made to produce effects, which, to the public comprehension of man, seem unnatural and inconsistent. We see and know too little of the *designs* of the great Governor of the universe, that it were impiety to question their propriety and wisdom by a reference to their visible effects.—Yet, though he makes "darkness his pavillion," we know that his throne is established in righteousness—his moral and

physical agents, are continually executing his will,

> "From seeming evil, still educing good,
> "And better thence—again—and better still,
> "In infinite progression."—

Thus war, which is accompanied by the most dreadful calamities that can afflict humanity, calls into action the noblest energies of our nature, and gives to benevolence herself, the glorious privilege of extending and multiplying her bounties. Here Masonry can boast of peculiar honours and advantages;—for, at the awful moment when rage has dethroned reason, and the strongest sensibilities of nature are enlisted in the cause of havoc and death—when conscience is silenced—her "still small voice" drowned in the clamour of battle, and the shouts of hosts intent on mutual extermination—a look—the magic of a sign, arrests the upraised weapon—the sword of the foe becomes the instrument of protection—the captive is imprisoned in the embrace of a brother!

Proud and happy am I in this opportunity, to render a just tribute of applause and gratitude to our Masonic brethren, whose altars of charity send their incense to heaven from the European borders of the Atlantic. Multitudes of our countrymen have experienced the blessed effects of their deeds and labours of love. Nor have our American Masons been remiss in their duty. Their brethren, who were prisoners at Salem, will ever remember the Essex Lodge

with affection and honour. It was an ark of peace, in which they found comfort and protection during the turbulent deluge of war. While the hostile lion roared—and the indignant Eagle screamed, and "Até cried havoc;" there they saw the dove and the olive branch, and banquetted under the banners of love.

But although our worthy brethren of Essex, led the way in the glorious and godlike work of relieving the captives who were members of the Masonic family, the manner in which the Most Worshipful Grand Lodge of this commonwealth established a permanent fund for the comfort and assistance of brethren, who are prisoners of war, is a noble instance of attention to the interest and accommodation of the fraternity.—But who will be surprised at *such* paternal cares in *such* a parent—or who will attempt to applaud that conduct which is its own best eulogy.*

The philosophy which considers the existence of partial evil, as educive of general good, is well adapted to the circumstances of beings in a state of probation, and consequently, of suffering. Instead of going out of ourselves, to covet the imaginary enjoyments of others, the wiser conduct is to remain at home, and examine what is substantially our own. Has our *neighbour* wealth, fame, and all the gorgeous appendages of rank and affluence; *we*, perhaps, on a candid survey of ourselves, may find that we are

* See Appendix.

more truly rich and happy in the possession of health, competence, and domestic peace, than he is, with all his splendid pageantry and stores of gold. In the abundance of his wealth, he has a variety of cares to which we are strangers ; and while he is anxiously urging God to increase his unsatisfying treasures, we are grateful to Him for the wholesome sufficiency of our daily bread.

Thomson whose highest praise is that his works contained

" No line which, dying, he could wish to blot"—

in the genuine spirit of truth, and the sweetest language of poesy, asserts the wisdom and benevolence of the plan by which Providence regulates the affairs and circumstances of mankind.

" O mortal man, who livest here by toil,
" Do not complain of thy uncertain state—
" That, like an emmet, thou must ever moil,
" Is a sad sentence of an early date,
" And, certes—there is reason for it great,
" For though sometimes it makes thee weep and wail,
" And curse thy stars and early drudge and late,
" Withouten that would come a heavier bale,
" Loose life, unruly passions, and diseases pale."

In a due estimate of our individual condition and circumstances, we shall discover the latent spark of sympathy for our fellow men ; and if we cherish its genial influence until it warm and invigorate every pulse of our hearts, we shall experience the peculiar felicities of the " good and true," in whose breasts divine charity will finish her perfect work.

In the spirit, and the exercise of the duties of Benevolence, we may find many of the alleviations of the miseries to which human beings are liable in this transitory state of existence. We are, my brethren and friends, assembled for the purpose of contributing out of our substance, towards the relief of the sons and daughters of misfortune. The human nature never so nearly approaches to the divine, as when it exercises the godlike prerogative of engaging in works of charity and virtue. As the fine subtle essence of the rose, by the chemical power of heat, is made to impregnate the atmosphere with its delicious odour, so the genial warmth of benevolence expands the principle of self-love, until it extends to all animated beings throughout the universe.

"Self-love thus push'd to social, to divine,
"Gives thee to make thy neighbour's blessing thine.
"Is this too little for thy boundless heart?
"Extend it—let thy enemy have part—
"Grasp the whole worlds of reason, life, and sense,
"In one close system of benevolence—
"Happier, or kinder, in whate'er degree,
"And height of bliss, is height of Charity."

Charity, says an able illustrator of Masonry, is the chief of every social virtue. It includes a supreme degree of love to the great Creator and Governor of the universe, and an unlimited affection to the beings of his creation, of all characters, and of every denomination. This last duty is forcibly inculcated by the example of the Deity himself, who

liberally dispenses his beneficence to unnumbered worlds. And here, to the confusion of the vain cavillers against our order, permit me to quote an illustrious authority in support of its piety and morality. A firm belief in the existence of God, is an indispensable qualification for the honours of Masonry. No atheist can pass the sacred threshold of our divine temple. On speculative points of belief, christians may disagree;—the Gentoo may reverence his Brama—the Chinese his Confucius—the Turk his Mahomet—the Indian of the western forests, his Great Spirit—and they may all be masons—but they must profess their belief in a God—a Supreme object of love, of fear, of adoration; a Being to whom they are accountable, who will reward fidelity, and punish fraud; for what confidence could be reposed in a man without a sense of moral obligation, and responsibility? or who would trust the integrity of a mind too feeble to trace the existence of a God, in every object of creation; or too perverse to acknowledge its dependance on a superior intelligence, from whom it derived its own illumination and reason?

The business of charity, is not confined to occasional celebrations, or periodical festivities. The poor are always with us. The true philanthropist does not rest contented with giving his mite to satisfy the public solicitations of the indigent, or think his duty performed, by silencing the importunity of the professional mendicant. Like the just and generous man of Uz, he is not satisfied until he has delivered

the poor that cried, and the fatherless, and him that had none to help him. WHEN, he has caused the widow's heart to sing for joy;—when he has *searched* out the sufferer who pined in secret; when he has been the advocate of the injured, and the champion of the oppressed—THEN, in the rich fulness of his approving conscience, can he say—"The blessing of him that was ready to perish came upon me—I put on righteousness, and it clothed me, and my judgment was as a robe and a diadem."

The objects of Masonic Charity, are, generally, such as have seen better days;—such as misfortune has compelled to drink deeply of the bitterest cup of affliction;—whose sufferings are rendered doubly agonizing, by the officiousness of memory, the scoff of pride, the stings of ingratitude, and the dreary contrast of present evils with past enjoyments. Alas—how many scalding tears are shed, how many heart rending sighs are heaved, in the secluded hovel of "pinching poverty"—seen and heard by God alone! How many, who have in better times, as the almoners of heaven's bounty, carried comfort and joy to the victims of disease and penury, are, in the sad vicissitude of human affairs, pining for the very charity which they so cheerfully bestowed, and perishing for want of a pittance of those stores of affluence, with which they once abounded! Alas—the voice of supplication too often is unavailing, when uttered by the man to whom Charity herself is indebted.—But—how shall the delicate female—who was once—*(her only*

pride)—proud of the privilege to do good—how shall she, pour out her complaints, or enumerate her wrongs. Perhaps she is the wife of a stranger—her husband is sick, or in prison, her virtues are *clouded by misfortune*—and she is *calumniated* by an *unfeeling*—a censorious world—her children are hungry and naked—herself unskilled to work—to beg, ashamed. Perhaps she is the *widow* of a stranger—and there is none to "meddle" in the deep sorrows of her heart—there is none to council—to console her—she has no earthly protector—no *hope*, but in *death*—no friend, but GOD—and *he*—is beyond the grave!—Masons—these are "causes" for which you will carefully "search"—for sufferers like *these*, your watchful eyes will never be weary—your bounty never stinted. Can we look back on the waste which war has made without encountering deplorable objects of sympathy and commiseration—without meeting some stragglers from our flock bleeding on the rugged rocks, or fainting with hunger, or bruised by the pelting of the pitiless storm?—Oh, gather them in your arms—and He who tempers the wind to the shorn lamb, will love and reward you.

But, I forbear. It is not for me to point out the path of duty to my superiors in virtue and wisdom. Through the vista that is now opened before us, we see a prospect gratifying to our most sanguine wishes. Redeunt Saturnia Regna! The golden age returns! Peace is proclaimed, and exulting millions unite in her welcome. The desponding heart is

warmed with new hope. From a state of apprehension, of doubt, of poverty, of political death, we are awakened to confidence, to security, to happiness, to life. Our farmers now cultivate their fields, under the olives' extended shelter, having none to disturb or to make them afraid. Our cities are made joyous with the noise and bustle of free trade and the unfettered arts. The intercourse of Americans with all the other inhabitants of the globe shall again be productive of mutual felicity and advantage; and we now behold the prediction of a Corinthian chorus verified, for "generous commerce has bound all nations together with her golden chain." The Spring opens on us in mercy; she is rich in blessings and enlivens us with anticipations, which the teeming year and a smiling Providence will realise in unwonted exuberance. Such are the hopes which we indulge under the benign auspices of peace. As Americans, as Patriots, as Masons, we devoutly pray for their full fruition. May the flags of nations, recently at war, now entwined in pleasing union, long continue a beautiful monument of departed hostility: Thus, may they grow old with time—and gradually dissolving in the decay of nature, may their blended colours be the last emblem of human friendship and public integrity.

May the generous sentiments, which we now cherish, continue to glow in our bosoms, to animate us to acts of philanthropy and kindness, to expand our

benevolence to the whole fraternity of Masons, and the vast family of man; so, that in the indulgence of our human propensities, and in beholding their beneficial effects, we may enjoy a foretaste of that unalloyed felicity, which will be experienced in the Lodge of the just made perfect, in the presence of our Supreme Grand Master, our GOD!

So Mote it be!!!

APPENDIX.

At the annual communication of the M. W. Grand Lodge of Massachusetts, held at Masons' Hall, in Boston, Dec. 12th, 5814, a Representation from Essex Lodge in Salem, was presented and read, in which it was stated, that Salem is the only place of *Depot*, within this Commonwealth, for Prisoners of War captured at sea; that the number of Prisoners, though varied, has generally been large (at present upwards of three hundred) among whom there have been more or less of the Masonic family, who have not the means to render themselves comfortable, without soliciting the exercise of those charities which it is the peculiar province of the Masonic Institution to bestow. There being but one Lodge of Masons in Salem, the applications to Essex Lodge have been numerous, yet they have hitherto met with that attention becoming the principles which Masons profess. The effect has been a gradual and constant reduction of the funds of the Lodge, and appropriations have been diverted from the relief of its own indigent members, and those widows and orphans, who have long been pensioners on the bounty of the Lodge, for an annual pittance towards their support, to those claims which could not be resisted from their urgency, and the peculiar circumstances in which the applicants were placed. Essex Lodge, therefore, respectfully requests, that the M. W. Grand Lodge, will make an appropriation from its funds for the object under consideration, by which the burthen will be equalized among the members of the Masonic family in this Commonwealth.

On motion, The subject was committed to the R. W. Brethren, Francis J. Oliver, Joseph George Sprague, Elijah Morse, Shubael Bell, Jona. Whitney.

At the communication of the M. W. Grand Lodge, held for the installation of officer for the ensuing year, on the anniversary of the festival af St. John the Evangelist, Dec. 27, 5814, the following Report was presented, viz.—

The Committee to whom was referred the Representation from Essex Lodge, relating to the situation and claims of Prisoners of War, in Salem,

RESPECTFULLY REPORT—That strongly impressed with the importance of the subject committed to them, and viewing it as an object highly interesting to the honour of the Grand Lodge, and calculated to excite the sympathy and best feelings of all the Lodges under this jurrisdiction, they have unanimously agreed to recommend—

That the sum of Five Hundred Dollars be appropriated to the relief of distressed Prisoners of the Masonic family, who, in the course of the calamitous war in which our country is engaged, may be brought among us.

That the said sum be placed at the disposal of a Board of Commissioners, who are hereby authorised to dispense the same with power to draw upon the Grand Treasurer for the whole, or any part thereof, as occasion may require.

That it shall be the duty of said Commissioners to exhibit, in writing, at every quarterly communication of the Grand Lodge, a statement, shewing the sums which they have expended, the names of the Prisoners whom they have relieved during the preceding quarter, and the names of the Lodges in which the said Prisoners were initiated Masons, or of which they are members.

And that every Lodge under this jurisdiction may have an opportunity of contributing to a fund, alike honourable and in-

teresting to the whole fraternity, your Committee further propose that the following plan be adopted for reimbursing to the Grand Lodge the sums which may from time to time be advanced for this benevolent and truly Masonic object, viz.

A circular letter shall be addressed to the several Lodges un der this jurisdiction, recommending to the Lodges in Boston, its vincinity and other populous places, to remit quarterly to the Grand Treasurer, during the continuance of the war, the amount of fees for initiating, passing or raising of one candidate, or in lieu thereof, the sum of thirty dollars annually; and requesting all the other Lodges to raise by contribution, assessment, or pay from their funds, the sum of ten dollars annually; the first annual contribution to be forthwith forwarded to the R. W. ANDREW SIGOURNEY, of Boston, Grand Treasurer. All which, with a copy of the proposed circular, is respectively submitted.

FRANCIS J. OLIVER,
JOS. GEO. SPRAGUE,
ELIJAH MORSE,
S. BELL,
JONA. WHITNEY,
} *Committee.*

The above report having been read, and accepted unanimously by the Grand Lodge, the following Brethren were appointed *Commissioners of the Prisoners's Fund* for the year ensuing, viz.

R. W. JOSEPH BAKER, of *Salem.*
R. W. FRANCIS J. OLIVER, of *Boston.*
R. W. and Rev. WILLIAM BENTLEY, of *Salem.*
R. W. JAMES C. KING, of *Salem.*
R. W. RALPH H. FRENCH, of *Danvers.*
R. W. ABEL LAWRENCE, of *Salem.*
R. W. WILLIAM SWAN, of *Portland.*

Attest. JOHN SOLEY, *Grand Secretary.*

[*CIRCULAR.*]

THE GRAND LODGE OF MASSACHUSETTS TO THE LODGES UNDER ITS JURISDICTION.

Right Worshipful, Worshipful and Beloved Brethren,

THE attention of the Masonic Fraternity has seldom been called to a more interesting subject than that submitted to our consideration by the Officers and Members of Essex Lodge. Indeed, our charities are never more characteristically and appropriately applied, than in mitigating the horrors of war, visiting the sick and the wounded, assuaging the agonies of bodily and mental distress, and supplying the hungry and the naked: and these offices of humanity we may discharge to the stranger and sojourner, and even "see through pity's melting eye a brother in a foe," without incurring the guilt or penalty of treason against either the laws of God or man.

The groaning of the prisoner has now reached our ears, and has not been disregarded by the Grand Lodge; whose readiness to provide for those who are the immediate claimants on its sympathy, will, it is hoped, meet the approbation, and receive the prompt support of our whole Masonic family.

The present object of our charities is to relieve the distresses of MASONS whom the fortune of war throws within the sphere of our attentions; and although *their* duties as citizens of a country with whom we are at war may have compelled them to combat with *Brethren*, they have a powerful claim to our compassion. The moment the sword of the *Warrior* is sheathed, the feelings of the *Mason* return with redoubled force; and *Charity*, displaying her banners of love, conducts the captive Brother to the *Lodge*, the only "city of refuge."

The appropriation, granted at the benevolent instance of Essex Lodge, has been made in the fullest confidence that the Lodges under our jurisdiction, aided by those Brethren who are

blessed with affluence, will cheerfully engage in the charitable work of affording the means, (compatible with their ability) of replacing the grant in the funds of the Grand Lodge, and enabling it to dispense still greater charities, should the continuance of the war render them necessary. For this purpose, Lodge is called upon to comply with the wishes of the Grand Lodge, as expressed by the acceptance of the Report hereto annexed.

The repeated relief, and instances of brotherly love which have been and still continue to be exercised towards our Brethren, carried prisoners of war to Great Britain and her dependencies, are gratefully acknowledged. It is our pride and consolation, that the fires of Masonic charities burn with fervour on transatlantic altars.

We most devoutly offer our prayers to the Supreme Architect of the Universe, for the return of peace; and that the only point at issue among contending nations, may be a charitable emulation in the promotion and practice of those virtues which exalt and adorn our nature. But whatever may be the result of public measures, the Masonic institution will ever yield a respectful and loyal submission to their Civil Fathers. And the Grand Lodge take this opportunity of expressing a wish that the fraternity may eminently display to an admiring world the genuine and exalted principles of our royal craft, and exhibit the glorious specimens of the pure and disinterested love which Masons bear each other.

Per Order of the Most Worshipful Grand Lodge of Massachusetts.

JOHN SOLEY, *Grand Secretary.*

Boston, December 27th, A. L. 5814.

ODE TO CHARITY.

BY A LADY OF BOSTON.

When first the great Architect master of all,
From chaos bade rise this terrestrial ball;
The chorus of rapture resounded above,
As he gave the first mandate for union and love.
Then here let us join—in a strain so divine,
With hearts ever ready, united and steady,
Our brotherly union and friendship to prove.

What's love but a link of a chain from above,
What's friendship, what's pity, what's mercy but love?
And what the great word that conveys all the rest?
'Tis Charity ever in giving twice blest.
Then here let us join—in a strain so divine,
For Charity ready—united and steady,
While true to her dictates we aid the distrest.

Who feels this blest impulse to mortals so dear?
Who raises the mourner, and checks sorrow's tear?
Who cheers the lorn widow, the orphan protects?
'Tis the true honest Mason, who never neglects
With fervour to join—in a work so divine,
With heart and hand ready—united and steady,
He never the pray'r of the helpless rejects.

Say what is the bond by which Mason's are join'd,
And what is the motive should rule in the mind?
'Tis the square of true honour whence none should remove,
And the unbounded circle of brotherly love.
Then here let us join—the command is divine
See ye love one another—as brother love brother—
'Tis the test which the faith of true Masons will prove.

Behold from the sky a bright cherub descends!
She calls on her brothers, her fathers, her friends:
'Tis Charity! hail her, and freely when given,
The off'ring, though small, she will witness in Heaven.
Then here let us join—'tis a work most divine
To cheer a sad brother—or poor widowed mother,
And fulfils the command by our great Master given.

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